# THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
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## A New Life Arising!

SLOWLY out of the ruins of the past—like a young fern-frond uncurling out of its own brown litter, out of its litter of decaying society, out of the confused mass of broken-down creeds, customs, ideals—out of distrust and unbelief, dishonesty and fear, out of the cant of commerce, the crocodile sympathy of nation with nation, the despair and unbelief possessing all society, rich and poor, educated and ignorant, the money-lender, the wage-slave, the artist and the washerwoman alike—all feeling the terrible pressure of the modern problem—out of the litter and muck of a decaying world, Lo! even so, I see a new life arise.—Edward Carpenter.

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# THE PACIFIC

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## WE MUST SEE IT THROUGH!

If the United States and Germany are not already at war they will be in all probability within a few days. Once in it unquestionably, the nation will have to be a unit and see it through. The end of the war will mark a new era in history. Old things will have passed away; and although all things will not have become new, all will be in process of becoming new; and during the next few decades the institutions of the world will be made over, and mankind will enter an era of fruition and blessedness theretofore unknown.

We had been hoping that the United States would not be drawn into the fearful struggle. But it seems now that the shell of a civilization that has served its purpose in humanity's development cannot be broken and further development be possible without such participation.

We too must have our baptism of fire. Our judgment is that it will be in some ways not dissimilar from that which other nations have received. There are among us many persons who are of opinion that the entrance of the United States into the war will decide it quickly, and that the end will be brought about without extensive participation and great sacrifice on our part. We believe that they are doomed to awful disappointment. When Great Britain entered the conflict she thought that her part would be to look out for things on the sea, and send a few soldiers over to France. Her dead alone number today more than she thought she would need to send to the war. A tabulation made a few weeks ago in Washington placed the Entente's dead at 2,890,400. England's dead were 205,400, not so many as France had lost thus, about one third the number, owing to the fact that England's continental army was late in getting into the field. It is expected that the losses will be about equal henceforth.

When Italy entered the war she thought that her entrance would bring it to a conclusion in a few months. When Rumania entered she thought that her entrance would so change the situation in the Balkans that victory would come speedily to the entente allies.

All these belligerents met with fearful disappointment; the life-blood of their people is being poured out yet today and nobody is able to see to the end.

Military experts tell us now that the war is to be decided on the western front. The new positions to which the Germans retired recently in France and Belgium are thought to be more to their advantage than were those in which they intrenched themselves in the exigencies of the earlier months of the war. They can be dislodged and driven back onto German soil only at a fearful sacrifice of men by the entente allies. The United States will be expected to send a large force to cooperate with the other forces on that western front. The estimate by an eminent Englishman a few weeks ago of a million men as our quota may prove to be not at all short of the mark. The lives of many will end on European soil; hearts will be under fearful strain here, the days will be dark and heavy, homes all over the land will be bereaved and lives blighted for all time.

Centuries ago the sons of Zebedee went to the Great Nazarene asking of him certain things for themselves. And the Nazarene said to them: "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of and be baptized with the baptism I am baptized with?" And their answer was, "We are able."

Because of the good which they believe can be wrought out through our participation in this war many Americans are saying today, "We are able!"

Can we say it unitedly? We believe that we can to a great extent. We know of German-Americans who are saying it—they are ready to go to the front in France and fight against "the Fatherland". They do not believe that "the Fatherland" is one whit more to blame for this war than the other leading nations are—perhaps not so much so in the deeper underlying causes. They see it grounded and deep rooted in Commercialism, an irrepressible conflict, as life was lived and as conditions had been in Europe for several decades. As the war has gone on it has dawned on them, though slowly, that good is coming from it; and this, no matter if "the Fatherland" meet with defeat. They see now as we all see that no more will be crushed out of their native land than will be crushed out of every other land having part in the war, and that we must see it through.

What is it that we must see through? The war? Yes! But more than the war! Autocracy has fallen in Russia. Aristocracy is tottering in England. The onset is for more democracy in democratic Germany, the cry in our own land, a cry that will not down, is for a real democracy; the war has brought all these things to the front—a new day for humanity is seen under the old shells of the world systems, and we must see it through—even though we lay beneath the soil of Europe the bodies of half a million men; even though we go to fight alongside with nations somewhat blamable for the war.

Peace seems impossible; the war must go on to the bitter end! And then up out of its ruins will come a better civilization!

A young American who graduated from Trinity College, Oxford, in 1915 had as room-mate a young Englishman who lived in a country place in the Devon country. His father was dead and the young man was the pride of his mother's heart. His American friend writes: "The call came and he went, as all young men should go, for a man cannot be a slacker. He went down on the Flanders line. * * * The mother had always appeared young and lighthearted, but when I went to see her the sadness of the ages was in her face. There was no wailing, only a great longing in her eyes; but it was a longing that makes my heart stop now. It was the sorrow of the human and the eternal. She talked about a thousand things, but it was the son of whom she was thinking. I know, she thought of him constantly when I was with her. She wants England to win, and says she would give a hundred sons; but always there is the question, 'Was there not another way with honor?' Could not all the nations have seen justice triumph without the pain of war?"

Many are wondering why the good which they realize now is coming to the world through the war could not have come without the war and all its sacrifice and pain.

But we can rest in these Scripture words: "God is not a God of confusion, but of peace." For ages geologists tell us there were immense cycles of physical disorder while the making of the world went on; the elements seemed to be perpetually at war and yet they were in the actuality co-operating partners in making the globe a place for fruitful life. Man is yet being made; physically formed, he is yet spiritually undeveloped. There is one God and one law; and in this war as well as in other things in life dark and tumultuous and painful we observe the birth-labor and birth-pangs which are bringing forth a world that is to be.

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## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Professor Hugh R. MacIntosh, an eminent theologian of Edinburgh, will come to the United States for a few weeks this year and will give addresses at Student Conferences.

China leads in the number of foreign students at Oberlin College, there being 25 enrolled. Other countries represented are: Japan, Bohemia, Hungary, Bulgaria, Syria, Armenia, France, England and Canada.

In the University of Chicago there are 76 Chinese students; 54 Japanese; 51 Filipinos; 52 Latin Americans; 25 Indians; 11 Russians; 9 Armenians; 8 Germans; 10 English. In all 42 different countries are represented.

A delegate to the recent Student Conference at Asilomar writes: "I never received a greater inspiration in my life than I did at Asilomar. Why didn't I go before? It was the time when I found myself and decided definitely on my life work."

The Rev. Dr. W. H. Boyle of Detroit has been called to Central Presbyterian Church, Denver, at a salary of $8,000. This is the church to which Dr. R. F. Coyle went from the First Presbyterian of Oakland several years ago. Dr. Silsley who was called to this Oakland church to succeed Dr. Goodspeed will enter on his work next Sunday.

In a letter to Dr. Jowett urging him to return to England, Lloyd George, the British Premier, says: "London will need prophetic voices more than ever in the period of reconstruction after the war." Sunday after Sunday the 2,250 sittings of Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church are all taken and hundreds are turned away. On a recent ordinary Sunday, 1500 people were turned away.

Owing to the submarine menace Dr. Campbell Morgan has cabled the Melbourne Church which called him that he must either postpone or cancel the engagement. And the City Temple, London, has written Dr. J. Fort Newton not to run undue risk in making the journey from Iowa to Lodon. He expected to reach London in April with his wife and two children.

Mr. R. O. Alexander, of Charlotte, North Carolina, a Scotch Presbyterian, and a man who has spent considerable time in evangelistic work, declared in an address last week in New York City that the Bible predicts the downfall of England, a new alliance between Russia and Germany, and the invasion of the United States by European and Asiatic armies. He claims Biblical authority for the assertion that wheat will yet be four or five dollars a bushel; and for the declaration that not only monarchy will go down in Germany in this century but that Germany will go down also.

The Rev. Dr. Huget of the First Congregational Church of Detroit has been called to the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn. This is the church of which Dr. R. R. Meredith of Pasadena was pastor for twenty years. It has the largest membership of our Congregational churches, 3,584, according to the last Year Book. Dr. Huget went to Detroit from Galesburg, Illinois, in 1910. He was ordained in 1903 and was at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, for four years.

It is stated in the Broadway Tabernacle Tidings that notwithstanding the alleged disrepute into which doctrinal preaching has fallen, and the general desire for short sermons throughout the land, the congregations at the Tabernacle are largest when the sermons are doctrinal and about an hour in length. "Note is made of this fact for the information of future historians who, misled by various representations of the worldly and pleasure-loving early twentieth century, may induce their readers to think that the love of Christian people for the old doctrines had entirely died out, and that there were no longer in New York City any considerable number of persons who could endure anything stronger than a sermonette."

The editor of the Daily Leader at La Crosse, Wisconsin, asked not long ago that the people submit new names for Main Street in that city. "Faville" meets with most favor. If that name is selected it will be in honor of a man who was pastor of the First Congregational Church of La Crosse for a quarter of a century. The Leader remarks: "If the street is to be named for any one now living, it would be difficult to find any one more popular than the gracious recent pastor of the Congregational church. Faville Street has a good sound. It has a significance, too, in perpetuating the name of one of the men who was most active in the period in which La Crosse was changed from a lumber camp to a modern city. The spirit the Rev. Henry Faville preached is the real foundation stone of the First Congregational Church, the largest and most influential of the English Protestant churches of La Crosse."

The Wisconsin Congregational Association has adopted the following recommendations on Young People's Work: "First: That Christian Endeavor be given a fair trial under proper leadership, which assumes at once a proper understanding of young people's problems and needs. Second: That there be a general advance in all societies to develop a denominational conscience with a definite program in mind. Third: That at least quarterly the meeting be devoted to study of denominational history and polity, the work of our seven societies and systematic giving. Fourth: That the State Association devote at least an hour at every state gathering, either apart from, or on the regular program, for the young people, which will on the one hand be inspirational and analytical of the possibilities of young people, and on the other present the definite lines of action for the ensuing year. Fifth: That the State Association appoint at this session a standing committee of three to be known as the committee on Young People's Work. It is the duty of this committee to prepare a program of study and work for the young people of the churches. The members of the committee are to work in conjunction with the Superintendents of their respective districts in putting the program into effect."

The American Board of Foreign Missions received recently a letter from Mrs. H. H. Atkinson, the latest re-

ceived though written several months ago, in which she stated: "I will write, even though there is little hope of my letter going. I am very tired, but am asking daily for strength and grace and nerve to hold on to the end. I am going to hold on; there is nothing else to do; but I am also hoping to turn over, with my own hands, my husband's work to his successor. The question in my mind is, Can you have that successor ready? It is very important that he be ready at the earliest possible moment. You perhaps know that I am keeping the hospital open, and at present we have 125 soldiers and about twenty of our own patients. The authorities are kind to me and usually helpful, but it is hard for a woman to do a man's work, here, and it cannot go on long. When peace comes, I want to go home as soon as possible." Mentioning other workers, Mrs. Atkinson continued: "We are all near the limit of strength, and are homesick and heartsick, but we have no thought of giving up, and we couldn't if we would. We are safe enough, so far as we know, and have food enough for this year, I think, and have been wonderfully kept from epidemics. There is a great work here for the right man."

Many of the readers of The Pacific knew the Rev. Dr. Robert F. Coyle when he was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church f Oakland and in his later years in Los Angeles. We quoted an article recently in which he was called "An Apostle of Brotherly Love". The following in the Herald and Presbyter by a college classmate takes us back to the years of his early manhood: "The heart grows very tender and the tears start as that name brings to memory the beautiful day in June, 1877, when our class of twenty young men stood together on the rostrum of old Center Church, Crawfordsville, Ind., and received at the hands of the President of Wabash, Dr. Tuttle, our diplomas. Mr. Coyle, or "Bob" as we all knew him, stood that day, like Saul of old, head and shoulders above his fellows, strong, manly and true. On the same day we, his classmates, were invited to attend his marriage to Miss Sophia Brandkamp. In those college days I loved and admired "Bob" Coyle; he was older than the rest, and in the class room and literary societies his manly way and mature judgment were apparent, and his statements carried weight. In Wabash he was a hard worker and struggled against poverty in making his way, but he was always cheerful, kind and courteous to all. True as a friend, a noble man among men, a strong and eloquent preacher, Dr. Coyle achieved a high place in the Presbyterian Church, for which he lived and worked. The Church has lost a strong preacher, and we, his classmates, a dear friend and brother."

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## WHAT A RUSSIAN STUDENT FOUND AT ASILOMAR.

When a friend asked a Russian student in the University of California to go to the recent Student Conference at Asilomar he replied that he would be too busy working during the vacation to get money with which to go on with his studies. But after considering the proposition he decided to go. He has written as follows of his experiences:

"Although people surrounded me in college, I was like in a desert. Nobody knew me and I did not know anybody; and I did not expect to get acquainted with the people in the near future because I did not have a chance to meet them closer."

"It is true that a few holidays mean harder work afterward; but I did not want to miss the chance to come in contact with the college professors and boys. I went to Asilomar to spend a week, and I got there what I wanted and much more. To get friends for a foreigner at Asilomar was not as hard a job as I thought before I went; and now I have friends. But the main things that I got there were something else.

"To be frank I will say that I thought American people like money and live for money, and with help of money they fed and fondled their beloved bodies. I did not see any struggle for high ideas. Many others who came from other countries have now the same opinion which I had before. In the confernce I changed my conception because I saw that the ideas, which are far from selfish business ideas and which are to the benefit of the whole humanity, are giving aims for life-work to many people in this country. I consider the knowledge about this as very important, because I must know the people with whom I live and with whom I will work, maybe my whole life.

"The other important thing I have got during the conference is the determination of my life work. Perhaps that was in some degree a coincidence, or perhaps the time had come to decide; but I am sure that the spirit of Asilomar had something to do with it. For years I had been wandering in many places, studying different things, and thinking of my life work. I did not have a definite plan of my future work, for the reason that I did not find such a field in which I could use all the tendencies of my nature."

He says that he could not mention a particular lecture or a conversation or anything else that made him find his life work, but that the whole atmosphere of the conference helped to it. The spirit of knowledge, of friendship, and of equality entered into it; as did also the resounding breakers, the spacious ocean and the music of the trees.

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## CAN ENGLAND WIN IN EXISTING CIRCUMSTANCES?

### The British Weekly, a Great London Journal, Asks the Question.

The last number of the British Weekly to reach the Pacific Coast contained in an editorial the following concerning Lloyd George, the British Premier:

"We do not call him dictator, but his voice easily outweighs that of the others. In fact, at the present moment the country in his hands is as clay in the hands of the potter. There is not much security in politics, but it may be well to remember that with Napoleon in the ranks no Marshall can command."

Referring to the recent speech by Lloyd George, the Weekly continued: "The Prime Minister is aware of darker perils than he has as yet named. He is preparing us for measures far more drastic, for sacrifices far more complete, for disappointments far keener than we have known. Underneath all this is a confident belief in ultimate victory; but Mr. Lloyd George has not given us the full weight and darkness of his thoughts.

"In Mr. Lloyd George's speech there was the hint of approaching famine.

"Mr. Lloyd George will in all probability soon tell his countrymen that they are in dagner of actual want; and when he does he will tell them also what they must do to avoid it." And then said the British weekly, "They will do it."

This great journal went on then with reference to the blight of the liquor traffic and asked:

"Will God give the victory to the nation in these circumstances? If we continue refusing to make the sacri-

fice that other nations have made, can we expect a successful end to the war?

"There be many who do not believe it. They believe that the brutal and callous indifference with which this subject has been handled will end in defeat and shame. Whatever be thought of this, is cannot be denied, and has indeed been confessed by Lord Devonport, that the choice is between beer and bread. The trade has been treated with extraordinary indulgence. The Prime Minister knows, and has almost told us, that our little children may be soon crying for bread which we cannot give them. He is not too confident of speedy success in destroying submarines. Should their work go on and increase, we shall soon come to the parting of the ways."

Then after stating the restrictions already made on output of beer and spirits and wines, the Weekly continues: "But it is not enough, and it will soon be seen that it is not enough. Mr. Lloyd George has to keep his Government together so far as he can, and we know the attitude of many of them toward the trade. But we are persuaded that the moment he sees the violet specter of famine coming upon us he will take his courage in both hands and acting in the name of the nation prohibit all strong drink till the end of the war. The moment he takes that step we shall be relieved of a burden too heavy to bear."

It seems that The Spectator, the greatest of the British Reviews, has come to the conclusion that the liquor industry must go, at least for the period of the war. We quote:

"We have come to the conclusion, and we believe it is a conclusion which must be reached by any man who looks the matter squarely in the face, that the nation simply cannot afford to go on manufacturing and drinking intoxicants while it is engaged in the effort to beat the Germans.

"The prime fact that forbids winning the war without Prohibition is that intoxicants are made out of food, and we must use every ounce of food nourishment. Next, we want our ships and our railways for war purposes. Therefore they must not be used to carry intoxicants. Lastly, we want every available man for war purposes and for growing food."

Dr. Denny, the eminent theologian, said recently:

"The fierce light of the war is beating on every aspect of our national life, and nothing has stood the searching exposure so ill as the liquor traffic. There is not an intelligent person in the British Islands, there is not a person with a shred of conscience who does not know that it is the most appalling evil by which the nation is disabled for the war. The facts have come out in successive revelations."

Dr. Clifford, one of England's great preachers, says: "The drink trade must go if we are to win the war."

And yet this comes up from a great multitude:

"We've won on beer before, we'll win with beer again."

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## SOUTHERN HOME MISSIONARY SUPERINTENDENT THINKS THAT THE FUTURE HOME OF DEMOCRACY IS TO BE IN THE SOUTH.

The Rev. W. H. Hopkins, superintendent of Congregational work in Georgia and other southern states, writes in his monthly Travel Letter:

"For four years I have been trying to make Berea, Ky., and to get a glimpse of one of our good schools. At last I succeeded in reaching the quiet little town one cold morning at four o'clock. The sight which greeted me, as I looked out of the guest-room window, was worth the trip. A foot and a half of snow, and the pine trees laden with snow, made a beautiful sight.

"For a quarter of a century, Dr. Frost, the President of Berea, has labored for the mountain young people. He is now getting the fruitage of his labors. There are over 1400 bright, strong, young people in the school. The pioneer stage is past; but the pioneer simplicity remains.

"Dr. Frost believes in Democracy. He also believes in the young people who have had few advantages. He has the courage to live his convictions, and is doing a far greater work than even his ardent friends reaize."

Mr. Hopkins got as far north recently as Wisconsin and says:

"The University of Wisconsin has been known as the home of Democracy and progressive ideas. The record for the last two decades is one which has called forth the hearty commendation of such men as President Eliot, of Harvard. Wisconsin is changing, however. Even the small farmers are becoming well-to-do. I found the whole city agitated over the refusal of President Van Hise to allow the student body to hear a lecture by Max Eastman on the Hope of Democracy. The old spirit of freedom and Democracy, coupled with an honest quest of truth, seems to be in danger. What the future has in store for old Wisconsin I know not. I came away feeling that the future home of Democracy is to be in the American South. Such institutions as Berea and Piedmont have great possibilities. The day may not be far off when the whole country will look to the American South to preserve American ideals."

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## THE CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE IN THE FOOT-HILLS OF THE BLUE-RIDGE.

About seventy miles northeast from Atlanta, in the foot hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, lies Demorest, Georgia, a town perhaps of a thousand inhabitants. Beautiful for situation, at an altitude of 1500 feet, environed by hills from which flow abundant springs, it is an attractive spot for anyone seeking to know God and experience life.

Here is located Piedmont College, a Congregational school, serving a large district of Mountain Whites. The school is twenty years old, having graduated nineteen classes, every graduate being a professed Christian. It sustains a faculty of some twenty-five men and women with the usual "baccalaureate" letters from Williams, Hartford, Oberlin, Harvard, Cornell, Universities of Chicago and Kansas and Tennessee, and so on to Syracuse and Piedmont itself.

An academic department is sustained because among these mountains land values are capable of sustaining a tax sufficiently large to maintain adequate schools. Because of the hills, rugged winters, clay mud, school districts are small and terms short. In the villages but few high schools are sustained. Often the schools include the ninth grade only. Here and there is found a two year high school, with now and then one of three years. The high school of four full academic years is reserved for the town that boasts itself a "city" of three, four or five thousand.

This college serves a large district, gathering students from the creeks and valleys afar through the mountains. There are but few schools of importance for these Mountain Whites aside from Piedmont. Lincoln Memorial at Cumberland Gap is non-denominational, Berea in Kentucky is Congregational, Wesleyan at Buckhannon, W. Va., a Methodist; and this is about the number attempting to

supply some two or three million peoples with college privileges.

Scattered up and down the ridges and valleys, glades and glens, of the Appalachian are many worthy peoples, simple-minded, humble in dwellings, long alienated from the outer world, but purely American, courageous, patriotic, religious, with a longing hunger for life and light beyond the valleys and out of the hills.

The college is outgrowing its equipment. It appears as the overgrown boy with hands too far from the cuffs of his coat and feet far removed from the cuffs of his trousers. The institution is desperately in need of more buildings and an increased endowment.

It has one concrete, two brick, and a half dozen frame buildings of some magnitude, but inadequate for the student body which last year registered 523, with a considerable increase this year.

Piedmont is a worthy enterprise among this purely American type, and it courts friendly relation with all good minded and mission loving people.

C. N. Q.

Note: The Rev. C. N. Queen who writes the foregoing for The Pacific was called recently to the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Demorest, and left Oakland last week, with his family, to enter on the work.

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## THE WAXING AND WANING OF THE SOCIAL HOPE.

In continuation of his series on "The Passing and the Permanent in Religion," the Rev. Albert W. Palmer spoke last Sunday evening in Plymouth Church, Oakland, on "The Waxing and Waning of the Social Hope." His address was in substance as follows:

Some religions have little or no social hope and consequently no social message. Buddhism for example regards all active life as illusion and devotes itself to seeking salvation for the individual soul in Nirvana. Countries like Japan and China, failing to find any social message in Buddhism, have added Confucianism to Buddhism because of the social teachings of Confucius. Another interesting example nearer home is Christian Science which has a very interesting kinship to Buddhism and, like it, has no social message. It will be interesting to watch the evolution of Christian Science and see where it will lay hold of a social gospel, for no people can get along permanently without a religion which seeks the salvation of the community as well as the individual.

Similarly the old traditional orthodoxy had no social hope. The world was thought of as a sinking ship from which the task o fthe church was to save as many individuals as possible one by one. The modern social gospel believes we are called on to man the pumps and get up steam and bring the whole ship into the port of a better social order and a nobler civilization.

This modern social emphasis in religion is no newfangled idea improvised to meet the demands of the hour. It roots back into the very beginnings of Hebrew religion and you can trace its evolution on the pages of the Bible. Abraham left Ur of the Chaldees inspired by a social hope for "he sought a city which hath foundations". The great deed which provided Hebrew religion with its magna charta and its supreme leader was the deliverance from Egyptian bondage and the escape into the social freedom and civic discipline of the wilderness. Moses argued with Pharaoh concerning wages, hours of labor, housing conditions and educational opportunities for the Hebrew working men. Out in the wilderness he organized a mass of slaves into a law-observing nation and turned their eyes toward the social goal of a home in Palestine.

The prophets were preachers of social righteousness. "Wash you, make you clean," cries Isaiah, "put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes, cease to do evil, learn to do good, seek justice, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow." It is most significant that out of the imperfect social order of the day the prophets looked forward to the coming of a Messiah who "shall not fail nor be discuraged till he have set justice in the earth".

The collapse of the Hebrew nation in the Exile did not destroy the social hope—it only changed its form—made it depend less on human effort and more on divine intervention. Read Daniel and Revelation and you will see the form which the social hope takes when all opportunity for citizenship and participation in government is denied. As the perfume of a crushed flower may fill all the room, so when you deny to men practical participation in building the ideal civilization, their thwarted social hopes yet send forth the perfume of a heavenly city and a miraculous deliverance of humanity. So persistent and inescapable is the social hope!

When Jesus came he purified and enobled the social dreams and aspirations of men. He taught men to pray for the coming of the Kingdom of God. He made citizenship in that Kingdom depend not on orthodoxy of creed or ritual but on social service. His disciples went out having all things in common, ignoring national lines and racial prejudices, rendering a social service to the poor, the sick, the imprisoned, the slave, before unheard of. They gained a reputation for "turning the world upside down" so revolutionary were these primitive Christians!

But the social passion of primitive Christianity cooled when the pagan Roman Empire capitulated and Christianity succeeded paganism as the established religion. As Prof. Rauschenbusch puts it: "An established church cannot bite any more—it can hardly bark!" From now on the emphasis is upon the church, rather than on the Kingdom of God—on the church as an end in itself, rather than as a servant in bringing in the Kingdom of heaven in the world—and on the saving of individual souls rather than the saving of the social order.

But this loss of social purpose did not occur without protest. Most of the obscure heretical sects of the Middle Ages had a social vision and the development of monasticism is due in part to protest against social stand-pat-ism and expressive of the longing for a better and more brotherly civilization. When Protestantism at last arrived it expanded the social message. Calvin reformed Geneva, the Pilgrim Fathers founded American free institutions, John Wesley re-awakened interest in the prisoner, the slave and the common people.

Today the Social Gospel is coming to its own in every branch of the Christian Church. Social Settlements and parish houses, sympathy with labor movements, foreign missions, the wide-sweeping victory over alcohol, the awakening of the conscience of humanity against ancient evils like prostitution, gambling, child labor, and even war itself—all these tell of the coming to its own in our day and generation of a Social gospel which calls man to the great task of building "a better civilization of brotherly men" and to the inspiring vision of "cities undimmed by human tears".

Never was the message of religion so practical or the teaching of Jesus so well understood or so clearly proclaimed as it is today. In spite of world war—nay even out of it and because of it—prophetic souls can now proclaim with clearer vision: "The Kingdom of Heaven is at

hand!" Democracy, social service, human brotherhood, the emancipation of women, the insistent demand for world organization and world peace have a hearing such as they have never had before. Slowly the world is swinging out into the light and the realization of the social hope of the prophets and the martyrs of the past draws near!

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## THE HOUSE OF FRIENDSHIP.

The Rev. Roy H. Campbell of Calvary Church, Oakland, remarked last Sunday in his sermon on "The House of Friendship":

"Here is another tabernacle that man builds to house his spirit. We are lonely beings at best. We say often that we live in a social world and emphasize the fact that no man liveth to himself and that death even is to be reckoned a social loss. But beside this stands this other fact that whole sections of a man's life are hidden from the eyes of others. Deep recesses of thought and feeling stand unexplored except by his own soul. And who of you to-night has not stood sometimes appalled at the longings and impulses that welled up within for which you found no utterance and to which you dare not give expression. If it were not for this miracle of life touching and communing with life we would live in a prison—a beautiful prison indeed whose walls are sometimes radiant with a light ne'er seen on land or sea but a house none the less where we dwell a captive.

"We have been given the skill whereby we may rear this larger temple in which others, chosen ones, may also companion with us— the house of friendship. It is well if in the building thereof we take thought as to its proportions and plan well that it may endure. We say we choose our friends. But the actual experience does not tally with this saying. We do not sit ourselves down and con over our list of acquaintances putting aside a name here and there for closer ties. When we come to a new place to live, with strangers about us, we do not set out on the quest for friends as we do for a nearby market or grocery. We win friends but there is a measure of choice and in the exercise of that grave issues are decided.

When you took up your residence in this community you chose the type of your friends to be on the first Sunday that you entered this church. You put yourself in line to make ties with men and women with certain ideals of living. You declared then that you were going to speak and think, to purpose and to act in company with those who were disposed to live righteously and serve the Lord. And the friends to whom you look in time of need and to whom you take the tidings of joy or sorrow you have found among this company. This is one of the offices of the Christian church. It furnishes the seasoned raw material, the timbers and beams for your house to be."

Mr Campbell spoke of how it was possible to make friends with those whose faces we have never seen and whose voices we have never heard. "There are certain ones in my own house of friendship," he said, "with whom in the flesh I have never come in touch. Yet for me they move and live and have their being. Some of them were never clothed in flesh and blood save through the creative force of the writer's brain. Others lived their lives and passed on before my own began. Still others are working and striving today in a sphere so removed from mine that I can hear only the echoes of their achievements. But I may call them all my friends. Something in them calls forth an answer in my own soul. At the head of this list I may count the great Friend, the Man of Friendliness, Jesus."

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## LESSONS IN JOHN. (XI).

### The First Confessor.

"The man they jeered and laughed to scorn,
Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born;
But he knew better far than they,
What came to him that Sabbath day;
And what the Christ had done for him,
He knew and not the Sanhedrim."

Dr. Hitchcock, my professor in New York, once said: "If I could know just what Christianity is in the last analysis, I would forget my theology, and even my Apostolic Creed, and make a careful study of what passed in Jerusalem between Jesus and the man born blind."

The story of this man's possession of sight we love to read without note or comment. There is nothing in Plato's Dialogues that compares with the matchless narrative even from an artistic point of view. Like all the miracles that John narrates, it leads up to certain profound principles in the new evangel. Of all the approaches to Christ's matchless personality, we have here perhaps the most significant, which a little child can apprehend, which the wisest sage cannot fully comprehend, and which no other had ever the hardihood to assume: "I am the light of the world."

Modern science has carried us by its investigations into the multiplied offices of the central sun. Not only is there the great illuminator and heat, inexhaustible, though such a reckless spendthrift, but the only pledge of unity and life. Were the sun to be put out, there would not be a vestige of organic life after a single day, even were the earth to continue in its orbit, which were impossible—only a dead and frozen derelict in the great realm of being.

But it is not of the natural luminary that Jesus speaks, except as a symbol. God only is the light of lights, the archetypal light, in which is no darkness at all. His glorious beams shine only in the face of Jesus Christ.

But we are not yet in the spiritual world. "First that which is natural". We start in the narrative from a background of total blindness. The man was born blind. How impossible for us to put ourselves in his place. We may shut our eyes and try to imagine what it is to be blind. But what is it?, never to have seen even one ray of the sunlight, nor a mother's smile, nor the verdure of the spring meadow with its thousand tints. To be utterly shut out from the most interesting portion of the universe to which mortal men have access? I met a blind man only two days ago, feeling his way along the walk in the city. "Are you totally blind?" I asked. "If I were," he replied, "I should not be here". Milton's sight utterly failed him, but for over forty years he shared the splendors of the outer world. And then it was he wrote:

"Oh, dark! dark! dark! amid the blaze of noon;
Irrevocably dark, total eclipse without the hope of day."

Hellen Keller's acquirements would never have been possible had she not passed from birth into light, before the darkness closed about her. The blind man in the text had not only the organ of sight given him, but what was almost as hemarkable, the facility of acquired vision.

This was only a single step from total darkness into the real light of day. Our Lord never left incomplete a work so gloriously begun. The man, cast out, was sought

out, and found by one who came to give full sight to the blind. Uncommon mental keenness had been added with the gift of light. He was more than a match in his encounter with those that sought to discredit him by their authority. He is the first confessor of whom we have any account. A noble defence was his. The blind beggar had become a faithful witness even before he had looked into the face of his mysterious benefactor.

Phillips Brooks takes up the narrative, where the evangelist lays it down, in a sermon that Principal Tullock said was the finest sermon he had ever heard. He makes three points.

First, the question of all questions is asked by Jesus, "Dost thou believe in the son of man?" The one great thing that Christianity does for us is to unify and harmonize the various discordant notes within us. It is the one query of philosophy today, how to match unity and diversity; and of psychology, how to deliver us from these fragmentary uncertainties, and leave us a fixed goal, before we talk of progress. "Make one my divided heart," prays the psalmist. So Christ is saying to us all, as to the beggar. "Dost thou believe in the Son of Man?" "The master word of culture," says Mathew Arnold, "is totality". He is a good authority in diagnosis, but he fails to give the remedy. He never asks humbly, "Who is the Lord, that I may believe in him?" Secondly, we cannot but note the aptness, the receptivity of this new disciple of Christ.

I was much impressed in going back again to some of Phillips Brooks' sermons. While he does not force upon us his own experience, in his public discourse, we turn to his biography, and we find there that his great sermons grow out of a personal experience. Does he point out the blind man's teachableness. We read in the account of his own conversion, that in his prolonged struggle whether he could bring all things into obedience to the divine will, he did not come out into the light until this text took possession of him: "Thy people shall be willing in the day of his power" How different from the teaching of Nietzsche and the numerous modern cults!

But we must not forget our Lord's answer, "Thou hast both seen him and he is it that speaketh with thee." "The word is nigh thee even in thy mouth and thy heart." There are those who have called themselves atheists who have long felt within them questionings and convictions which surely testified of something, or someone, within them, but not of them. Like the woman in Africa, who told the missionary, I have long known Him of whom you speak, but I could not call him by name. There was a glorious redemption made for us long ago. We have been but poor pensioners, when we might have claimed the wealth of princes. The beggar has become an accepted worshiper. What matters now the revilings of men. He is a child of the day. This is the summing up of all: "For judgment came I into this world". The rising of the sun separates the light from the darkness, and the shadows flee away. "It makes the blind man leap as the hart". "It taketh the wise in their own craftiness".

Schiller has left us a line that is only partially true, though often quoted as final. "The course of history is the judge of the world". The real touch-stone of man and events, the sign of the rising and falling of many, the judge of the world is the light of the world. "After death the judgment." For it shall all be made manifest at His appearing. Then shall be the full manifestations of the sons of God. But the reverse in this last act of the great drama is not to be slurred. And all the hidden things of dishonesty and craft and oppression must be judged.

Surely, we can not live through these days of violence without being reminded of the blindness of those who have so long insisted that they alone see the proud, the insolent, the oppressor, how are they brought into desolation as in a moment! Shall the darkness become universal, tenfold more dense; or shall there be a second creation, more wonderful than the first, a new world? "The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness and let us put on the armor of light."

We began our study with an introduction to a poor despised beggar in Jerusalem. We now bid a reluctant farewell to one of Aristotle's "four-square men". Only, we add to the beautiful structure which the old Stagirite would erect, the interior shrine, that it be not an empty temple.

San Diego, Cal.

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## OUR FAR-SOUTH WORK.

The Superintendent of Congregational missions in Florida tells in The Congregational News that "Florida is looking up, these days."

Although St. Augustine is the oldest city in America, and Florida a pioneer state, most of the territory is frontier, and the population is but a third of the density of that of Georgia or Alabama.

But Florida is now a rapidly growing state. Mr. Waldron writes:

"Conceive of her as a gigantic finger pointing to the Southward, and remember that the nerves center in the fingertips. America as a whole doubles her population in forty years, the state of Florida doubles in twenty years, that portion of Florida represented by the finger doubles in ten years, the tip of the finger in five years.

"Here is the wonderful city of Miami, twenty years ago a jungle wilderness. The 1910 census found 5,500 people. Five years later there was 15,000 population. Today they claim 20,000 and have joined the 100,000 club for 1925. Even if they fail to make this goal, they will take the record.

"Dade County, of which Miami is county seat, has 600 miles of hard-surfaced automobile roads. Here started the Dixie Highway, almost completed to Jacksonville, on the way to Chicago. South runs the Ingraham Road to Cape Sable, fifty miles completed. Contracts are let, and grading under way, for the Tamiomi Trail to connect with Tampa 240 miles away across the Everglades. In the city of Miami contracts are let for a 100-foot causeway, three miles long, crossing Biscayne Bay and connecting with Miami beach. Millions of dollars are being spent for grades and fills on the beach. One $40,000 residence is completed and all houses are on restricted area.

"Two blocks from the west end of this causeway stands the Miami church. When the city was a baby, we had a church tent on a lot donated by the colony. Some "wise man from the East" saw it, decided that Miami would never amount to anything and persuaded the Missionary Society to give it up. Three years ago the Methodists sold a similar lot for $55,000 and proceeded to build the White Temple, which gives them a commanding place in the city. Those lots are today valued at over $100,000.

"When we decided four years ago to take Miami for Congregationalism, poverty compelled us to go on a side street a mile from the center, where none but the initiated could find it. Now, under the wise leadership of Rev. H. H. Jones, they have moved out on the boulevard, they have funded their debt, and are coming to self-support this year.

"Developments are most rapid in the Everglades. The Coast Line Railway is building an extension down the west side of Lake Okeechobee. It is to pass through Palmdale,

where we have building lots and a church organization. Its present terminus is Moore Haven at the south end of the Lake. Eighteen months ago Moore Haven was a jungle wilderness. Last Christmas 500 people gathered for the tree. Eight hundred get their mail at that office. Prices on farm lands and city lots are soaring.

"Rev. and Mrs. George L. Day are serving this Everglade country. They have six churches and preaching stations, and are making themselves known to the incoming people. Another missionary is demanded at once.

The Florida Finger points southward to America's open door in Central and South America. Our Latin-American Mission at West Tampa points the way. The gates have swung inward for ten of thousands of Spanish-speaking peoples from Cuba and other islands of the Gulf. May the gates swing outward, bearing the Gospel message to the scores of thousands of like needy peoples to the South."

Moore Haven, mentioned in the foregoing, is one of the new towns in that region in the development of which James A. Moore, formerly of Seattle, is leading. After losing two fortunes in Seattle—one about the year 1892; the other about 1910, when the great Trusts in the East bankrupted the steel plant at Port Townsend—Mr. Moore went to Florida with the hope of regaining at the least his lost health and seems now to be regaining both health and wealth.

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## GOING TO CHURCH IN LINTSING.

**Ben F. Sargent.**

As I sat in church yesterday morning I could but wish that my American friends could see the audience from my advantageous point of view—a seat at right angles to the body of the church.

There were probably two hundred present; but, unlike the home land, more men than women. The garments worn were certainly varied. An elderly man a pew away wore a purple sleeveless coat. The student class all wore long gowns varying in color from white to black. The women wore their accepted dress of blouse and loose fitting trousers—these also of many colors. In summer the small boys wear only the garments Mother Nature gave them. One of our missionaries having grown too stout for a pair of pajamas which were still good, asked his wife to give them to some needy person. The wife passed them over to the mother of a deserving family with the remark that she might use them as she thought best. What was their amazement the next Sunday to see the woman herself appear in church clad in them alone, and walk up the aisle bowing and smiling to her acquaintances with the confidence born of assurance that she was for once well dressed.

Far different from that was the group of twenty-five girls from the Boarding School, and the twenty boys from their school. The preacher, a visiting evangelist, was dressed in a black gown with white trousers and had a very graceful figure. When preaching, he waved a small fan with his right hand, and gestured with the left. He travels on foot from place to place, asking only his entertainment and an offering. Though unlearned in the schools, and with many crude ideas, I should say he is a man with considerable power.

The Chinese delight in contrasts. He preached three sermons on the Josephs of the Bible; Joseph of the second chapter of Matthew, who was poor; Joseph of Aramathea, who was rich; and Joseph of the Old Testament, who was first poor, then rich. The Chinese will talk about these sermons for a long time. His sermons were never less than one and a half hours long, but they listened with delight.

How they do like to sing! Miss Long has a choir of six young men who help out with the music.

The daily services during the week are as follows: Station prayers at eight a. m.; hospital prayers at nine; for men and women separately. Wednesday evening the church prayer-meetings are held; Friday evening, the hospital employes, fifteen of them, have their prayer-meeting. Then the schools have their own daily services, and the two evangelists at the hospital preach and talk to visitors who are waiting, and continuing as long as there is any one to talk to. Then there is the street chapel at which Wang, the blind preacher, presides, holding service for any who drop in from noon until four.

Outside station work is carried on at six centers, some six and some forty miles away. These are all branches of the Lintsing church, and send delegates to the quarterly church meeting. They are assisted a little from the main church treasruy which is mainly filled from America, as the people are generally too poor to give much.

Sunday School comes immediately after the morning service, and is not unlike the same work at home. The missionaries are very much in earnest and believe and practice prayer.

### The Big Meeting.

A Mission Station consists not only of the residences of the workers, the mission schools, hospital and church; but also of many out-stations over a region from fifty to a hundred miles square; each ministered to by a local pastor, a Bible woman. It is the duty of one of the resident missionaries to circulate among these various stations, preaching and visiting and advising in all things temporal and spiritual.

Twice each year each of these out-stations is represented by two delegates at the Big Meeting held for three days in the mother church. This meeting is preceded by station classes, one for men, and one for women who for a month study the "doctrine" as it is taught in the Bible and in some simple catechism. No one is received into the church either into full membership or on probation, who has not had a regular course in the station class preceding the communion which is held at the time of the annual meeting.

The large gathering was held this year from November 11th to 13th, and was an inspiring gathering. Sunday was the great day of the feast, every seat in the large church being taken and extra seating for at least fifty more being brought in. The sermon was preached by the pastor of the home church, an effective address upon the healing of the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda; and a feature of the service was the rendering of two special songs, one by six boys from the Boys' School, and the other a sextette by young men.

At half past two came the communion service with the reception of new members and baptism. First came the reading of the names of those wishing to become members next spring, at the big meeting to be held then. There were about twenty-four, one-third being women. They all promised to study "the doctrine" faithfully and to pray and follow the teachings of Jesus. Then came the receiving of those who had been faithful during the past six months, twelve in number, four women and eight men, all of whom were baptized. This was followed by the communion, at which sixty women and one hundred and twenty-six men partook of the elements, which were administered by the foreign pastor and myself. As I sat there, I could but think of the miracle of grace. Here were one hundred and sixty-eight communicants, repre-

senting at least 400 others, twenty of them being pastors or Bible women giving the whole of their time teaching the word, and thirty years ago there was not one Christian here and sixteen years ago the Boxer outbreak threatened complete destruction and did bring in seven years of desolation before the rebuilding.

**A Week in the Woman's Hospital.**

There were eighty treatments, and among them were most interesting cases. One patient was suffering from eating poisoned bread. The father and mother-in-law were already dead, as also a man helping them on the threshing floor. The poison was mixed with the flour by an old uncle who was angry with them. The woman's life was saved by energetic treatment. While the doctor was there, the official came, taking the testimony of the patient and of the physician regarding the case.

Another patient was a suicide case, a Mohammedan woman who sought death because she was reviled by a neighbor.

Upon a stretcher from a place ten miles away in the country, came a woman with a self-inflicted wound by razor in the abdomen. She had been married but nine days, and had cut the dreadful wound that her husband, who had reviled her, might see her heart. The infection was so great, no stitching was possible; but by semi-daily dressing rapid recovery was effected.

As always there were tubercular cases; and one old woman who could not be helped had a tumor on the eye ball.

There were some happily simple, as a little child with a burn, and a pretty young girl with a torn ear who was to be made presentable for her wedidng. The very common diseases, malaria and ring-worm and rheumatism, were represented; and there was trachoma, the disease that bars all immigrants from the United States.

At the same time, fully as many cases were treated by Dr. Tallmon-Sargent in the Men's Hospital.

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## THE FUTURE OF THE PACIFIC.

Doubtless many persons on the Pacific Coast will rejoice to learn that a movement was started not long ago to build up The Pacific and make it more serviceable. Nothing definite, however, can be announced for two or three months yet. Suffice it to remark here at this time that the plan involves the putting of a man in the field permanently, to increase the circulation, and the securing of news gatherers in all leading cities distant from San Francisco, such as Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane, Portland, Los Angeles and San Diego, to make the paper as representative and newsy for those cities as it is for the cities here by the Golden Gate.

Several representative Congregationalists got together not long ago and came to the conclusion that The Pacific had been of immeasurable value during the sixty-six years of its existence and ought to be backed up so as to make it serviceable in the highest way possible.

**A Glimpse of Our Letters.**

An editor receives all sorts of letters. Our readers may be interested if we let them peep into a few received during the last two or three weeks. We wish we had more of the criticisms to quote—it would be interesting; but letters are not kept, and only one criticism has come of late.

One woman wrote to have the paper discontinued to her address, saying: "A religious paper should give spiritual help to its readers. The world needs something better than an intellectual Christianity. Christ never offered that stone to those who look to him for bread; and no one speaking in his name has any warrant for doing so. When he comes again, what will he say to those he finds so doing? 'Woe, woe, I never knew you!"

The same week a layman in our church at Redlands wrote: "God bless the Editor in his work!" And, "No paper quite like The Pacific with its interesting retail of what is being said and done," came from the Rev. W. W. Willard, now in Chicago. The wife of a pastor wrote last week: "Since we have been in the West we both have derived stimulus and satisfaction from the paper—more, it seems to me, than from the denominational papers to which we have been subscribers in other localities."

Not long ago the increased cost of white paper led us to cut off some of our exchange publications. Immediately word came from a missionary secretary in one of the central states, who has to do with a small monthly publication, that there was something unique about The Pacific that made it the most read paper that came into the office. Yesterday there was received from Dr. Buckham of the Pacific School of Religion a letter in which was this postscript: "Congratulations on the editorial reprinted in the Boston Transcript." It may help any who fail to rightly estimate The Pacific as a force for righteousness on the Pacific Coast, and as a purveyor of valuable articles, to know that for several years this paper has been quoted more extensively perhaps than any other church paper by the Boston Transcript, which is, beyond question, the best daily paper in the United States.

The Rev. Dr. Sidney Strong has stated to the Editor two or three times in the last half-dozen years that he cuts out and files away for future use more articles from the Pacific than from any other publication received by him.

**Twenty Years of Service.**

In July this year the present Editor will have finished twenty years as editor and manager of the paper. It has been far below his ideal; but he has given himself to it from early morning till late at night, determined to do the best he could in the circumstances. An immense amount of reading is done so as to keep somewhat informed on the great questions and problems of our day. There is scarcely any time any day, and late into the night, when the Editor of The Pacific doesn't have a book or a magazine or a paper, or pen, or pencil, in his hand. Every week several hundred publications are looked through in the preparation of the portion of the paper prepared by the Editor, many hours are spent in libraries and reading rooms, making use of publications which The Pacific cannot get in exchange and for which it is not able to subscribe; and every word taken therefrom has to be laboriously transcribed. The proof-reading is done by the Editor—very hurriedly done—the make-up of the paper is directed, the business is transacted, and all correspondence attended to.

Editorially, several thousand words, enough all together for two sermons, are written—on the average—every week of the year. Part of it does not have to be thought out; but all has to be put down on paper. And always you have to catch your hare before you dress and cook it.

It may be a surprising statement to some persons, but it is a fact that very little copy comes in that the Editor does not have to go through before it can be handed to the linotype operators. Some operators can and will correct it as they set it; others can't, and others won't; and it makes an awful job for the proof-reader when are added to the errors that are made on the linotype those in many a manuscript.

All in all, it has been a very busy life. It was predicted twenty years ago that he couldn't stand it all; but he has stood it. The work has had more pleasant features than un-

pleasant, despite the fact that there have been a few very unpleasant experiences, especially in the business. And grateful today is the Editor of The Pacific in that it has been possible for him to keep the paper on its way during these two decades.

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## NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Southern California Congregational Conference meets at Ontario the second week in May.

The Rev. Robert Whitaker has returned from China. He spoke at Plymouth Church, Oakland, Wednesday evening on "My impressions of China."

At the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco next Monday there will be two addresses. The speakers will be the Rev. B. St. John of Woodside and the Rev. John Kingsley Birge of Turkey.

The Jubilee Convention of the Northern California Sunday School Association will be held in Oakland May 14-17. Among the speakers will be: Marion Lawrence, W. C. Pearce, Bishop Leonard, Dr. Van Horn, Miss Rose Scott, Miss Blanch Wachob and Mrs. A. W. Rider.

The pulpit of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco will be occupied next Sunday by the Rev. John Kingsley Birge of the International College at Smyrna, Turkey. His morning subject will be, "The Disintegration of Mohammedanism." Evening, "America's Invasion of Turkey."

The article in The Pacific this week, entitled "Going to Church in Lintsing," is the first of a series drawn out of the experiences of the Rev. Ben F. Sargent in China. We are indebted to the "Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific" for these articles. Dr. Tallmon-Sargent has been the representative of the Board in China for many years.

Writing in The Contemporary Review on "Impressions of a Recent Tour in the United States," Sir Edwin Pears says: "At New Haven I met a dean of whom every one spoke with respect, whom I found learned and intelligent, and heard described as perhaps the greatest preacher in the country. It was after that that I learned that he was Dean of Faculty and a Congregationalist."

The Rev. Dr. W. T. McElveen of Evanston, Illinois, has declined the call to the pastorate of First Church, San Francisco. A pastor in the East, well-known on the Pacific Coast, a very interesting and able speaker, has been asked to supply for a few months. It is to be hoped that a favorable answer will be received, inasmuch as the presence of this man here would be greatly welcomed.

The Congregational Church at Pittsburg, California, prints an attractive weekly bulletin. It is the one non-Catholic church of Pittsburg. We hope it can remain that and so do a far better work in the community than it could otherwise. At a recent Sunday School social one evening people to the number of 150 crowded the church building, the parsonage, and all the surrounding out-of-doors. Charles C. Champlin is in charge at Pittsburg.

Rev. George E. Atkinson of Martinez, an alumnus of Pacific School of Religion, who is fulfilling in a marked degree the purposes of the founders, gave to the students on March 23 a most interesting and helpful address on the work of the country minister. It was illuminated with personal experiences and anecdotes that showed the romantic as well as the human and Christian sides of the life of the Home Missionary and offered a stirring challenge to those who heard it.

At the instigation of the State Board of Charities, San Bernardino County has created a Commission for Relief and Employment. It consists of seven members, one of whom is Rev. H. B. Mowbray of San Bernardino; another member is M. C. O. Goss, connected with our church in Ontario. Last year the county supervisors spent about $35,000 on its poor, mostly without proper investigation. The new commission can command a similar amount to use wisely in helping the needy—a large task.

Sunday, March 18, the following named denominations were represented in congregations of the First Congregational Church of Oakland: Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, M. E. South, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Disciple, English Lutheran, German Lutheran, Free Methodist, Advent Christian, Universalist, United Brethren, Swedenborgian, Holland Protestant, Bible Student, Theosophical, Catholic. Several persons registered as undenominational. The states and countries represented were: California, Oregon, Washington, Arizona, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Oklahoma Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maine, New York, Massachusetts, Toronto, Saskatchewan, Holland, Germany, Japan.

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## THE LECTURES ON "RELIGION AND HEALTH" AT LONG BEACH.

The six months' course of lectures upon "Religion and Health," given at the Long Beach church by Rev. Henry Kendall Booth and his medical associates, came to a close on March 21st.

Since the publication of the last article in The Pacific of February 8th regarding this series, other lectures have been given bearing respectively the titles of "The Constructive Use of Art, Music and Literature"; "The Healing Power of Scripture"; "The Reconstructive Power of Worship and Prayer"; "Personal Hygiene"; "The Gospel of Work"; "The Gospel of Play"; "The Habit of Happiness," and "Social and Moral Hygiene."

In the very beginning of this course these addresses awakened profound attention of not only the usual attendants at the church services, but also of hundreds of others, residents and tourists. Beyond question, these intensive discussions of problems of vital living have quickened to loftier ideals, strengthened for life's duties and enlarged the vision of a multitude of reverent listeners.

In the concluding lecture Pastor Booth gave a comprehensive summing-up of the various addresses. Claiming that health is the result of a complex of physical, mental and spiritual forces working within us; that the long-cherished idea that it is purely physical is rapidly passing and with it the major use of drugs; that health must be sought through fresh air, correct diet, bathing, exercise and personal hygiene; still more is it to be realized by the consciousness of the interrelation of mind and body interpreted through the fudamental principle of suggestion.

Suggestion, then, should be the constant, indwelling factor in daily living. Still further, as religion is the most powerful agency in suggesting, its aid should be summoned and maintained in the cure of disease and the re-establishment of health.

The foundation of this long series of addresses is a positive and unwavering belief that the religious force used by Jesus Christ, the Apostles and the leaders of the Christian church in all ages for the healing of disease, is as real now as it was 2,000 years ago. No disuse in these later centuries has shorn its power or diminished the efficacy of its primal elements of faith and prayer. It remains for the church to avail itself of the agencies of medical science, psychology and the Christian religion to offer to mankind health of body as well as salvation of the soul.

Practical deductions from these illuminating discussions are to be early considered, together with additional instruction in psychotherapy, hygiene and spiritual healing given to a class of workers. These students in healing will meet weekly with Mr. Booth; when competent to visit those needing their help it will be given without money and without price.

Abundant opportunities for Christlike ministries to the worn in body and oppressed in spirit exist in Long Beach. Thousads of health-seekers, among whom are hundreds who are in pitiful need of sympathetic attention, come to this resort. To few churches are richer privileges open for service through location and prospective training than to the Congregational church of Long Beach.

Beginning April 16th, Pastor Booth will also on each Monday afternoon meet for consultation those wishing counsel and comfort.

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## THE CHINESE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The Chinese Congregational Church in San Francisco celebrated the Lord's Supper last Sunday. Nine persons —eight young men and one young lady—were welcomed to membership on confession of faith—a portion presumably of the results of the recent Harvest Weeks.

This service was held one week earlier than usual and two weeks before Easter, in view of the departure on the morrow of Mr. Chin K. Toy, who as a lay preacher has served this church as a pastor with great fidelity and good service for six years. In taking his departure he believes that he is following the providential leading of Christ, and while he is not seeking a pastorate in Philadelphia, it is expected by us that a "great and effectual door" wll be opened for him there in seeking and serving his countrymen.

At this meeting special prayer was offered for him, and the following action was taken by a unanimous vote of a large congregation:

Whereas, our brother, Mr. Chin K. Toy, who has been the acting pastor of the Chinese Congregational Church in San Francisco for nearly six years, finds it to be his duty to take up his temporary and perhaps his permanent residence in the city of Philadelphia, therefore

Resolved, that this church, regretting his departure, but eager to bid him God speed, adopts the following testimony concernign him:

1. We have found him a faithful, wise and efficient leader in all good things. His work in the gospel has been so blessed of God that on every communion season observed by us, save one—thirty-six in all—we have been cheered and strengthened by accessions on confession and baptism.

2. We have found in him not oly an efficient leader but a faithful friend and brother in Christ, counting no self-sacrifice too great if he might help us in any way, but especially in the development of Christian character or the endeavor to lead others to Christ.

3. We recommend him to Christian people in Philadelphia, as a man whom they can safely trust, and we assure our brethren in that city that if a door should open for him to do for the Chinese in that city what he has been doing in San Francisco, any co-operation which they may give him will prove a good investment for the Kingdom of Christ.

4. And we join in this commendation Mrs. Chin Toy, his wife, like-minded with himself, who for many years has been a faithful and devoted and very useful worker here among persons of her own sex.

Brother Chin Toy was the president of the Chinese Christian Union in which all the Protestant Chinese missions of the city are represented. He has been a trusted leader in all their union work, and I am confident that Christian Chinese of every denomination would have gladly joined in this testimony with a unanimity corresponding with our own.—W. C. P.

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## SAN MATEO CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

The Bible class is holding monthly literary and social meetings at the homes of the members. The first one was held at the home of Mr. George W. Dickie and entitled "Scotch Night". Mr. Dickie gave a paper on "Walter Scott and James Watt". Scotch songs were sung. The second meeting was held at the parsonage, entitled "Lincoln Night". Mrs. Dora Shinn read a paper on "Abraham Lincoln". Patriotic solos were sung. The third meeting was held at the home of the Miss Trimingham, entitled "Red Cross Night". Mr. Roy Cloud, County Superintendent of Schools, and Rev. C. H. Stevens, both of Redwood City, and Madame Marceau, a nurse in the Franco-Prussian war, spoke on the history and work of the Red Cross Association. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens favored the company with 2 beautiful vocal duets and the instrumental numbers were given by the Sunday School orchestra.

The Ladies' Aid Society is preparing to hold its Easter Sale April 7th.

Last Sunday the Sunday School reached its highest attendance in 3 years—116 being present.

Mr. Owens, the pastor, is preparing a class of ten young people for church membership on Easter Sunday.

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## OREGON LETTER.

**By George H. Himes.**

Mr. Joseph Cooke, a native of Ohio, and an Oregon pioneer of 1851, passed to his reward in Berkeley, Cal., February 28, 1917, aged ninety-one years. He located in Salem soon after his arrival and found employment at his trade, that of a carpenter and joiner. In those days that meant much more skill in the use of edged tools than it does at the present time, when each subdivision of the building trades is more or less specialized. On August 14, 1852, he was married to Miss Susan Isabelle Walker, and soon afterwards united with the First Congregational Church of Salem, and both held their membership in that church forty-two years, during which time Mr. Cooke served the church many years as a deacon, also a term as the church clerk. He leaves besides his wife four children—three sons and one daughter, Mrs. Nettie Cooke Lee, the wife of Rev. George H. Lee, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Newberg, Oregon. Two sons—Clyde B. and Gaylord W. live in Berkeley, Cal., and the third son, Dr. Clinton T. Cooke, is a physician in Seattle, Washington.

After their children were all grown up and scattered

and then removed to Berkeley, where Mr. Cooke built a bungalow, doing all the work himself, notwithstanding he was past eighty years old. In this home the sixty-fifth wedding anniversary was celebrated last August.

An interesting recognition service was conducted at the Atkinson Memorial Congregational Church last Monday evening in honor of the formal beginning of the Rev. Warren Morse as pastor of that church. The speakers were Rev. Luther R. Dyott, Rev. William C. Kantner, Rev. F. J. Meyer, Rev. H. G. Crocker, Rev. A. C. Moses and Rev. Arthur J. Sullens.

A few weeks ago Rev. John J. Staub was prostrated in his pulpit while conducting his morning service, and as a result has been confined to his home. He has recovered measurably and will be able to fill his pulpit regularly henceforth.

Portland, March 18, 1917.

### NATIONAL LORD'S DAY WEEK.

Superintendent G. L. Tuft of the Weekly Rest Day League reminds the pastors of the Pacific Coast states that the week following Easter is the National Lord's Day Week. It is desired that each pastor use the "observance of the Lord's Day" as a study at the prayer meeting and for at least one sermon on the following Sunday, the 15th of April. The day of the resurrection should be associated with the fact of the resurrection. When the day is lost the teachings of the Easter will vanish.

# The Home

### THE KING'S LILIES.

Beyond the day, beyond the night,
Soft shining in the crystal light,
Unnumbered flowers unfolding white—

The garden lilies of the King!
In gentler winds than those of spring,
Low-voiced and sweet their blossoms swing.

I see them waving in my dreams;
How near their mystic whiteness gleams,
Their fragrance, floating round me, seems!

O heavenly garden! can it be
Thou hast a space awaiting me,
Where my blest soul shall bloom in thee?

Safe, shielded from life's noon-day glare,
Its stormy winds, its frosty air,
Forever blest! forever fair!

—Annie Douglas Robinson.

### THE BIRTH OF THE FLOWERS.

**A "Legend" by Echegaray.**

(The late José Echegaray was not only Spain's foremost dramatist when he died some time ago but a poet as well. This winsome little fantasy, translated by Scott Robinson from the Spanish, proves it.)

In the earliest geological ages there were no flowers. As least such as we know now,—those of graceful form and brilliant colors.

The vegetable world was an immense mantle of verdure —something like the grass, like the moss, like the lichen, like the fern.

The plants had their amours, but, so to speak, diffused, hidden beneath the uniform tint of the chlorophyll. Hence come the cryptogams.

They lived, so to speak, in harems, closed and mysterious.

How, from that uniform green, have sprung the flowers, with their gaudy rainbow hues, modern science may be able to explain by its great theory of evolution. But legend and poetry explain it after their own fashion.

The legend that I am going to relate, or that I am going to invent, is worthy implicit credence; and it offers a highly satisfactory explanation of the birth of the flowers. Let us proceed, then, with the legend.

While God was forging our terrestrial globe, there was keen curiosity in Heaven as to what this work of the infinite power might turn out to be. And while the solid crust crackled in the convulsions of birth and while the sea rolled hither and yon with the dull and heavy clouds piled up in the heavens, and the sun strove to drive burning shafts into the thick clumps of green and the wide fens which spread out beneath the verdure, the angels thrust their heads out of the peep-holes of heaven to examine wonderingly the hills and vales of the nascent earth.

At last came a day when the first man appeared, and the angelic curiosity swelled migthily. "What can this new creature be?" asked angels and cherubim.

And to appease their curiosity, down they went from heaven and perched here and there on the thunder-clouds, craning their necks over the edges of the vast and vapory masses.

Then they saw the Man, and it must be owned that primitive Adam did not entirely please them.

He looked gallant; his forehead was noble; his glance fiery; his manners masterful; his locks, tossed by the breezes of Paradise, splendid and flowing. Nevertheless, the angels suspected from the first glimpse of him that this handsome creature was going to give them no end of trouble.

The foresaw—how I know not—that man was a noble creature, but a dangerous one. A dull observer would have contented himself with admiring this divine bit of statuary; but the angels, the cherubim and one seraph or another divined in that handsome body and beneath that noble brow the seeds of lamentable passions.

They returned to their celestial palaces grumbling about this latest and apparently perfect creation.

But Adam slept, and while he slept the Almighty created woman, as one who makes his last cast and exclaims with divine pride: "Beyond this, nothing."

Bear in mind that there were as yet no flowers.

And ever the immense mantle of verdure, the misty heavens, the ruddy setting sun, the fierce squalls ending in light and steady rains which moistened the earth and filled the brooks and rivers and made the green masses of the ferns sparkle with new reflections. And against that green background, like two divine statues of marble, shone the naked body of Adam and the fair white body of Eve.

Then came the news to Heaven and threw into commotion angels, cherubim, seraphim and dominations.

"There's a new creature on the earth, and it's a woman. We must see her." And the angels scrutinized Paradise from the depths of the little blue peep-holes of heaven.

But they wanted to see Eve at closer range. So they went down as far as the clouds and stopped there in amaze-

ment; and they would have gone all the way down to the ground to stroke with their wings that divine apparition had they not feared to venture further without the permission of the Almighty. They opened wide their eyes, beat their wings, sighed amorously and desired to approach more closely, cost what it might.

The sun was rising, the clouds were breaking, because the sun likewise wished to look at Eve, and to the storms of the night had succeeded a fine rain like tiny beads of crystal. A rainbow, an immense and perfect semicircle, brilliant and luminous, overspread Paradise.

Then angels, or, rather, the boldest of them, in order to behold Eve nearer at hand, winged their flight from the clouds towards the many-colored bow, and upon the many-colored bow they alighted. The timid ones followed the example of the more daring. New flocks crossed the heavens and, sweeping circles like sea-gulls over the sea, came to rest upon the celestial arch. And at length, all of them, one after another, singly, in pairs and in flocks, were perching upon the immense arch of the seven colors.

We are assured by those who claim to have seen it, that it was a beautiful sight to see.

Below lay Eve upon a field of green; above, the rainbow with its load of angels, tiny in the distance, their heads all golden and their wings all white.

Something had to happen, for the rainbow is very frail, very crystalline, and withal very brittle.

From end to end innumerable swarms of angels, and altho angels do not weigh very much, yet on account of the attraction that Eve exercized upon them they became almost ponderable. At any rate, looking upon a woman with such eagerness had the same effect as if they had become substantial bodies; and the whole prismatic fabric could no longer withstand the strain and collapsed upon the earth, breaking in thousands and thousands of pieces, as breaks the crystal when it breaks.

So all of those little bits of color dropped upon the verdant mantle, and each one of them as it penetrated and blended with the green plants retained something of the colors of the rainbow, and the fields were filled with flowers.

I do not know whether the legend is true or not, altho I presume it is; and if it isn't it ought to be.

Thus it happens that the flowers were in the beginning nothing but a rainbow broken in pieces and scattered all over the wide green of the fields. And, the cause of the celestial catastrophe being Eve, that is the reason that women love flowers so much. The legend says nothing about Adam. We do not know whether any particles of the iris-rain touched him or not.

From that time on flowers have been; and they are as many and varied in color as were the pieces of the rainbow in that ruin of the skies.

Some of the angels were badly shaken up by the crash, because they took flight again with manifest difficulty. Or perhaps it was really the reluctance they felt in leaving Eve and the flowery mead—flowery mead, we repeat, because from that moment there were flowers in Paradise. And the proof of it is that there are flowers still.

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Confute with candor, where you can confute,
Reason and arrogance but poorly suit.
Yourself may fall before some abler pen,
Infallibility is not for men.
With modest diffidence new schemes indite,
Be not too positive, though in the right.

—Thomas Campbell.

# For The Children.

## A STORY OF CONTENT.

Once upon a time there was a nice, big, flat pumpkin seed that lay in the ground for ever so long, drinking in the rain and basking in the warmth.

One day he burst his waistcoat right down the back, for he felt like stretching himself a little, and he pushed his long green arms up through the ground as far as the corn field. The corn stalks stood up straight and tall like Indian chiefs all about. There was a pleasant smell of flowers in the air, and the cucumber vines in the vegetable garden were full of pretty green cucumbers, and the tomato vines were hanging full of pretty red tomatoes.

"Loke at the new pumpkin vine," rustled the corn.

"Isn't he a fine and glossy green?" squeaked the cucumbers.

"Now he'll begin growing a fat pumpkin," chuckled the tomatoes.

The pumpkin vine looked around him. We looked away across the cornfield, as far as the vegetable garden and farther still to the flower garden. On the top of the garden wall there hung the prettiest sort of a pretty pink flower. It was the shape of a fairy bell, and it lifted its sweet pink face up to the sunny blue sky. The pumpkin vine thought he had never seen anything so pretty as that pink flower.

"What is that?" he asked hoarsely of a neighboring corn stalk, pointing one of his big green hands toward the garden wall.

"That—oh, that's a morning glory," said the corn stalk carelessly. He hadn't an eye for beauty, had the old corn stalk.

"What are you going to be when you grow up?" he went on. "Are you going to be a Jack Lantern, or a pie?"

You see the corn stalk thought the pumpkin vine would choose to grow a Jack Lantern just like any ambitious pumpkin vine, but that was a mistake.

"I am going to be a morning glory," the pumpkin vine said, in a very determined way, and he began scromling as fast as he could over the sticks and stones of the cornfield, making straight for the garden wall!

"Oh, I say, wait, old chap," called the cornstalk.

"You weren't meant to be a morning glory. It's too far over there anyhow and you'll get into trouble on the way. Stop where you are, like a sensible fellow, and raise your pumpkins."

The pumpkin vine paid not the slightest attention to what the cornstalk was saying. On he went, scratching his arms and legs as he went, and tugging and pulling so hard at his poor roots that he nearly pulled them out of the ground.

"Stop the pumpkin vine! Stop the pumpkin vine! He's running away to be a morning-glory!" rustled the cornstalks.

So the cucumbers spread out their long tendrils and tripped him up, but he got away. He was not going to be hindered by any low-born cucumbers.

So the tomatoes stretched out their long tendrils and caught at the pumpkin vine's large green feet, but he freed himself. Was he going to let ill-bred tomatoes stop him when he was on his way to the garden wall to be a morning glory?

It was indeed a long journey, though, and the sun beat down on the pumpkin vine every day until he thought he should die. He grew into the thinnest, scraggliest vine

you ever did see, and he was so busy trying to reach the wall that he didn't have time to attend to any other business.

Toward the end of the summer he did manage to send out a thin, orange-colored flower, but it got all mussed up and torn from being taken such a long distance. Late in the fall he got as far as the end of the garden. Long before that, the wise little pink morning glory had made her seeds and gone to sleep for the winter, but the conceited little pumpkin vine thought she had got down from her place on the garden wall to make room for him.

"Here we go!" he said to his homely little pumpkin blossom.

"Keep your courage up, my dear. Here we are at the top of the garden wall where we belong." And he made one last jump and sat himself down on top of the wall with the funny little flower hanging over the edge.

Then the farmer's wife came out to the garden for the things for the Thanksgiving dinner.

"I want a fine, fat pumpkin," she said. "The inside will be cooked with cream and sugar, and the outside will make a Jack Lantern for the front gate.

"Why, what is this poor withered flower on top of the wall?" she asked. "It looks as if a pumpkin vine had come all the way from the corn field. How funny for it to think that it belonged here,"

And the foolish little pumpkin vine hung its withered, brown head.

What do you think—it had forgotten to grow a pumpkin!—Carolyn Sherwin Bailey in Mother's Magazine.

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### HOW JOHNNIE CAME TO TELL.

Nobody knew about it but Johnnie, because Max wasn't anybody—he was only a dog and couldn't tell anything if he had wanted to. And Johnnie didn't mean to tell it himself, so he felt quite safe—at first. Of course mamma would wonder who had done it, but she would never think of Johnnie, because Johnnie had never done such a thing before. He almost wished—now—that he hadn't done it at all, but it was too late to think of that The best he could do was to pretend he hadn't done it, and if he pretended hard enough nobody would ever know.

So all the afternoon he kept away from mamma and Aunt Nellie and stayed outdoors by himself. He didn't play with Max, either, because he couldn't help feeling that every time Max looked at him with his big brown eyes he was thinking, "I know what you did." And once when Max persisted in following him he turned around and gave him a spiteful kick.

Poor Max ran away and lay down by himself on the porch, but the reproachful look in his eyes was harder still to bear, and Johnnie went away behind the barn where he couldn't see him.

There was a little brook in the meadow and it was a nice place to play. There were sandpipers running along on the sand, and crabs stalking along on their funny blue legs in the water, and lots of nice skipping stones. It was a fine day to skip stones, too, but Johnnie didn't feel like it, some way, so he sat there behind the barn and threw stones at the old rooster. Once he threw one at the old white gander who was bringing his flock of geese up from the brook, but the old gander didn't intend to stand any such impudence, so he gave a great hiss and ran at Johnnie so crossly that Johnnie climbed up on the fence out of harm's way.

It was a long afternoon. It seemed as if 4 o'clock would never come, and sometimes Johnnie didn't know whether he wanted it to or not, because then Jim and Jennie would come home from school and it would be so much harder pretending with them, for they would be sure to ask questions. Johnnie didn't want anybody to ask questions—not even Max, who could only ask them with his eyes.

How much nicer it would be if there were nothing to ask questions about, and then—well, then he jumped off the fence and ran into the house where mamma was.

Mamma had thought that perhaps Johnnie had something to tell her, but she wanted him to tell it himself, so she didn't ask him any questions.

Something seemed to stick in his throat and make it hard work for him to talk, but the longer he waited the bigger the lump got and he had to do it.

"Oh, mamma, I did it—your nice custard pie that you put out to cool. I ate all the frosting off," he blurted out, and then he hid his face in mamma's apron and began to cry, but he couldn't really tell what he was crying about because the lump in his throat was all gone and he felt a lot better.—Mary Morrison.

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### DAFFODILS.

The golden sun looks gladly down
  On golden rows of daffodils;
He crowns them with his golden crown,
  With golden rays each blossom fills,
  And every blighting breeze he stills.

With golden trumpets in their hands,
  On pliant stems they lightly swing,
In cheerful, dauntless, gorgeous bands.
  Their trumpets to the breeze they fling,
    And sound the overture to Spring.

Gone is the winter's dreaded power,
  Gone are the cold and weary days,
Now comes the soul-refreshing shower,
  Now sheds the sun his brightest rays,
  Their golden trumps are tuned to praise.

Praise Him, ye trumpeters of Spring,
  Whose mighty love new life distils.
My heart shall with your music ring,
  Until your rapture through me thrills,
  Ye golden-throated daffodils!

—Caroline Hazard.

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### DAFFODILS.

Little children of the sun,
Careless of oblivion,
Kindred to the quickened clod,
Not without some hint of God,
So content with your employ—
Just to bloom with vernal joy,
Just to face the golden mirth,
Never dying in the earth—
Would I might beqeath, like you,
Who must fade, as blossoms do,
When I pass into the night,
Something of your blessed warmth and light!

—Clinton Scollard.

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Is it not in conformity with all our thoughts of God to imagine that He has brought everything to pass by the simplest means?—Balzac.

### EASTER.

What dreams were yours when you slumbered,
O butterfly, now on the wing?
And lilies that blossom unnumbered,
What carol of joy do you sing?

O robin, this morning returning,
What ecstacy sweet do you know?
And, heart, with unsatisfied yearning,
What whisper you, tender and low?

This—this is earth's anthem, strong, fearless—
The hope that forever is ours—
The earth knows no winter so cheerless
That ends not in April and flowers!

—Alice E. Allen.

### MY RISEN LORD, I FEEL THY STRONG PROTECTION.

My risen Lord, I feel Thy strong protection;
I see Thee stand among the graves today;
I am the Way, the Life, the Resurrection,
I hear Thee say,
And all the burdens I have carried sadly
Grow light as blossoms on an April day;
My cross becomes a staff, I journey gladly
This Easter day.

I hold not with the pessimist that all things are ill, nor with the optimist that all things are well. All things are not ill, and all things are not well, but all things shall be well, because this is God's world.—Robert Browning.


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A well written life is almost as rare as a well spent one.—Carlyle.


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